

## FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY  
SHORT STORY

## ROMANCE—BAH!

By GERALD ST. EYLEENNE.  
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Caroline Kelso could not take her eyes off to man across the table. To her he was a curiosity, and, as he munched away at a piece of toast in one hand and stirred a cup of coffee furiously with a spoon in the other hand, with his eyes glued on the newspaper before him, she wondered if he was human. It had been the same every morning since the first morning at that boarding house, two weeks before. The landlady had not thought it necessary to make them acquainted.

Never once did he raise his eyes at Caroline's entrance to the dining room, never once had he offered to pass her anything at the table. She had only seen him eat, stir his coffee, read a paper, jump from the table and leave the room. She had not heard him speak. He was not even decently polite. He was good looking and seemed well bred, too. What a shame for such good qualities to be wasted on a bore like him, Caroline thought.

"Romance—bah!" The words came out of the man's lips in a disgusted exclamation. Caroline almost cried out in fright. He had spoken—the shock was almost too much. But that was all he said.

When he turned the paper over she caught sight of what had caused the outburst. It was an advertisement for a film play called "Romance."

As Caroline devoted herself to her grapefruit, she thought it over. This man was a woman-hater. The words "parson" and "him" there was no romance seemed to hate the word. It seemed to her men like that should not be allowed at large. All through her breakfast Caroline's indignation grew. When he got up and went out in the same old way she frowned after him. She was still frowning when he returned. Another variation in his daily programme. If it were any more shocks her breakfast would be spoiled, she felt sure.

But that was nothing to the next shock. The man sat down in a chair in the corner and groaned.

"Are you ill?" she cried, jumping hurriedly to her feet, sympathy overcoming all other feelings.

"No," he said grimly, "but one of the landlady's youngsters is, and we are under quarantine."

"Oh," Caroline exclaimed. "What shall we do?"

"Stay here for ten days at the very least. Good heavens, and all the work that is piled up for me at the office!"

"And my work, too!" she almost sobbed. "Are you sure we are under quarantine?"

"Before he could answer the landlady appeared and tearfully announced the news. Her youngest child, a contracted smallpox and had been removed to an isolation hospital. It would be necessary for the household to remain under quarantine until the house had been thoroughly fumigated, and even then they might be held for ten days until the smallpox was sure no more cases would develop. If the quarantine were broken the breaker would be put under immediate arrest."

There was nothing to it but to make the best of it. The boarding house was situated in the suburbs. Caroline had chosen it to be away from the noise of the city so that she could do some writing at night. There was a large garden, inclosed by a fence, that had always appeared inviting. It was beautiful summer weather, so she could spend her time reading in the hammock under the shade trees. After notifying the city editor of the "Evening Mail" why she would not be able to report for work for a few days, Caroline sought out the hammock.

The woman-hater arrived there first. She coughed to attract his attention, but he was really surprised when he took the hint and offered her the hammock. After all, he did remember some of the laws of sociability.

Suddenly Caroline threw aside her book. A terrible thought had come to her. The house was to be fumigated. All papers would probably be destroyed, and there were two manuscripts of stories in her room. She would have to get them out of the way somehow. A spade, standing against the house, gave her an idea. She hurried to her room and returned with the manuscripts wrapped in a newspaper, and proceeded to bury them. When the work was done she looked up to see the man looking at her. He pretended he had not seen, but she knew he had. With a toss of his head she went back to the hammock.

"Miss Kelso, do you think I have smallpox?" Somehow he had found out her name. Caroline looked up from her book to find him bending over her.

"Goodness, no! Why?" she cried. He pointed to a spot on his forehead. Caroline gave a sigh of relief as she looked more closely at it. "It is only a freckle," she laughed. "You have two or three of them."

That started a conversation. It began with freckles and ended with books and flowers. His name was Mr. Latimer, she learned, but by the second day they were calling each other Harry and Caroline. How she ever could have thought he was a bore was more than she knew. He was really delightful. When the quarantine was lifted at the end of ten days they were genuinely sorry.

They both went back to the grind, meeting only at breakfast, but they were different breakfasts after that, and when they caught up with their work they were going to become better friends, they assured each other.

One morning the mail brought Caroline a big surprise—a check from the publisher of a magazine. She had not remembered sending any stories to him. The magazine was published in the city, too. What stories had she sent? Then she remembered burying two in the garden. They were probably destroyed by that time.

Look at the letter that accompanied the check started her. The check was for those very two stories. Then it occurred to her that Harry Latimer had no doubt sent

editorial of newspaper re snopissummo  
TURBANS TO

By BETTY BROWN.

Just to prove that all turbans do NOT go straight around and around, or point straight upward, this saucy little turban bonnet takes a flyer in a whole flock of black wings set at right angles to the aforesaid turban—and adds a new angle to the turban problem. The little hat itself is a stunning checkerboard effect—in gray and black velvet.

Black satin is the winter season's favorite material for all purposes, with wool duvetyns, cammere velours, and velvets supporting its advance.

them in and forgotten to erase her name from them and the publisher had given her credit for them. He had stolen them. He who hated romance could not write romantic stories, so he had taken hers. The wretch! She would call on the editor that very day to learn how he had got them.

When Caroline was ushered into the editorial room of the magazine she gasped. There sat Harry at the desk. He knew why she had come.

"Sit down," he smiled. "Is it about your stories?"

"Yes," she said meekly. "Where did you get them?"

"The sandman gave them to me," he laughed. "I am mighty grateful to him for them, for they are very good."

"They are not," she said seriously. "They are wretched. You bought them just to please me."

"No, I didn't. I'm not a bit romantic. Business comes first with me. Your stories are going to prove a buried treasure in more ways than one."

Caroline tried to persuade him that the stories were poor ones, but he would not listen to her.

"Won't you come to dinner with me?" he asked as she was going. "I have something I want to say to you."

"What?" she asked, half dismayed. "Can't you guess?" he smiled.

"But you are not a bit romantic," she blushed. "I shall never forget the disgust in your tone one morning when you said, 'Romance—bah!' You used to be a terrible bore at breakfast."

"I have been overworked here, but I am going to have an assistant," he said. "How could you expect me to like romance when I read nothing but romantic manuscripts day in and day out. I hate the very word."

"When the right girl comes along you will be as romantic as any one," she prophesied.

"But you are the right girl—the only girl for me," he blurted. "Life without you will be nothing. You are the girl I have been dreaming about, and waiting for for years. My ambitions have all been for you. My hard work has all been for you, and for the little home we should have when I found you. Just think how happy we could be—just you and I in a garden like the one which we were in those ten wonderful days. Please do not let a false idea of romance come between us. I love you—surely you will believe me." Harry had risen and was talking right into Caroline's eyes. Before she knew it his arm was about her and she did not draw her lips away as his came closer.

"Dear heart," he said, pleadingly, "perhaps I can learn to be romantic."

"There was a merry twinkle in Caroline's eyes as she explained: 'Romantic! Well, perhaps!' That seemed to be all the answer Harry needed; her smile made up for words.

Home Baked Pies and Pastries  
Boyers Restaurant. Arvt.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER  
DOING WELL

"Mother and myself, taking the advice of some kind friends, are taking Mayr's Wonderful Remedy for bad stomach and liver trouble and bloating. The medicine is rightly and well named 'wonderful' for such it is. It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded. Crane's Drug Store H. & S. Drug Co., Prescription Pharmacy at Managinn and druggists everywhere.

## CONFESSIONS OF A WAR BRIDE

CHAPTER  
SIXTY-SECONDCopyright, 1918,  
by the Newspaper  
Enterprise Ass'n.

I Go to Work to Do My Part in Relieving Men for Active Duty.

"The country is sending 250,000 men overseas every month. That means a quarter of a million jobs left vacant every month," said Chrys at the breakfast table.

"And I'd like to know where the women are who are going to fill 'em," remarked Martha Palmer, who was our guest for a few days.

Daddy Lorimer put down his paper and gave the speaker his best attention.

"That's what I'd like to know, my dear," he said. "Just now I could use four first-class chemists. I'm told the government wants over 100—and will take women. Women chemists!" He granted an emphatic disapproval.

"Oh! Your view is so discouraging to women, Mr. Lorimer," Martha protested. "And we've got to coax 250,000 women to go to work every month."

"Up to this time women have only drifted into war work," added Martha.

"But from now on, just as long as we send soldiers to Europe, our women must take the men's occupations with the plain intention of helping the government win the war," insisted Chrys.

"I think lots of women would like to go to work—but they're afraid they need a long training," I ventured.

"That reminds me of some of the most astounding developments in the history of industry," said Martha in her lawyer manner. "British and French statesmen have said, time and again, that without the labor of women this war would not now be in the final stage. Thousands of their women succeed at employments which require great mechanical skill. Just think of the years of apprenticeship men need to serve in these occupations! Yet the women have made good in a few months! Isn't that the supreme triumph of women in war work?" I'm not saying that women are smarter than men—I'm only pointing out what French and English women have accomplished under pressure. And I guess American women can do as well."

"Why, every time I meet a girl friend now-a-days," said Chrys, "I feel like stopping and pointing my finger at her and saying: 'Every month 250,000 women must go to work. This means YOU!'"

"Chrys, point your finger my way," I suggested.

"What can a little thing like you do, I'd like to know?"

"What do you need done in the office?" I asked with a courage born of suffering.

"I had a case of catarrh and indigestion, of ten years standing. I had been treated by the best medical men in Michigan. When I commenced taking Milk's Emulsion, I was in bed. I improved so fast that I kept the neighbors wondering. I am now up and working every day. My cough is gone. My appetite is great and I can eat anything without hurting me."—H. D. Lovelee, Rockford, Mich.

Indigestion is seldom cured by "helping" the stomach digest food. Digestives like physic pills, usually make sinner of the stomach and bowels.

Milk's Emulsion is a pleasant, nutritive food and a corrective medicine. It restores healthy, natural bowel action, doing away with all the need of pills and physics. It promotes appetite and quickly puts the digestive organs in shape to assimilate food. As a builder of flesh and strength, Milk's Emulsion is strongly recommended to run-down, nervous people, and it has produced amazing results in many cases of tuberculosis of the lungs. Chronic stomach trouble and constipation are promptly relieved—usually in one day.

This is the only solid emulsion made, and so palatable that it is eaten with a spoon like ice cream. A truly wonderful medicine for weak, sickly children.

No matter how severe your case, you are urged to try Milk's Emulsion under this guarantee—Take six bottles home with you, use it according to directions and if not satisfied with the results, your money will be promptly refunded. Price 60c & \$1.20 per bottle. The Milk's Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind. Sold and guaranteed by W. R. Crane Drug Co.

TAKE  
CARDUI  
The Woman's Tonic

"I took four bottles," Mrs. Jones goes on to say, "and was not only greatly relieved, but can truthfully say that I have not a pain."

"It has now been two years since I took Cardui, and I am still in good health. . . I would advise any woman or girl to use Cardui who is a sufferer from any female trouble."

If you suffer pain caused from womanly trouble, or if you feel the need of a good strengthening tonic to build up your run-down system, take the advice of Mrs. Jones. Try Cardui. It helped her. We believe it will help you.

All Druggists

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The Zasloff Tailoring Company

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM THOUGHT THEY ALL HAD THE FLU)—BY ALLMAN.

LISTEN TO THAT YOUNGSTER SNEEZE!

OH, DOC. COME RIGHT OVER—WE'VE ALL GOT IT!

world! And now it's all settled, I do not believe my husband would like it at all!

Home Baked Pies and Pastries.  
Boyers Restaurant. Arvt.

Try Making Your Own  
Cough Remedy

You can cure about 80% and have a better remedy than the ready-made kind. Easy done.

If you combined the curative properties of every known "ready-made" cough remedy, you probably could not get as much real curative power as there is in this simple home-made cough syrup which is easily prepared in a few minutes.

Get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex, pour it into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with syrup, using either plain granulated sugar syrup, clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, as desired. The result is a full pint of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for three times the money. Tastes pleasant and never spoils.

This Pinex and Syrup preparation gets right at the cause of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the phlegm, stops the nasty throat tickle and heals the sore, irritated membranes so gently and easily that it is really astonishing.

A day's use will usually overcome the ordinary cough and for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma, there is nothing better.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations to break up severe coughs.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Two Hundred Blouses are here, of fine Georgette made in fetching styles suitable for business and dress wear. All sizes; Navy, Brown, Gray, Biege, White, Flesh and Black. Worth more, now at \$5.00.

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for  
Quality

A Special Sale  
of  
Georgette  
BLOUSES  
AT

\$5.00

Two Hundred Blouses are here, of fine Georgette made in fetching styles suitable for business and dress wear. All sizes; Navy, Brown, Gray, Biege, White, Flesh and Black. Worth more, now at \$5.00.

## Tired of Giving?

You Don't Know What  
Feeling Tired Means

How About Those Who Are Tired of Being Hungry?

How About Those Who Are Tired of Being Cold?

How About Those Who Are Tired of Being Homeless?

How About the Blind Who are Tired of not Being Able to See?

How About our Soldiers Who for hours, day and night, are facing for us wounds, hardship and death?

How About the Little Children Who are Tired of standing at the end of the long bread lines only to be turned away empty handed because there is not enough for all?

How About the Mothers, with babes clasped to their breasts, who are tired of the never ending anguish of witnessing the sufferings of their flesh and blood?

## Let No One Say He Is Tired of Giving

3,000,000 unfortunate Jewish Sufferers  
from the War Appeal to you for Help

## WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?

West Virginia Non-Sectarian Drive  
for Jewish Relief

October 29th, 30th, and 31st.

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The Zasloff Tailoring Company

